

Oxford Democrat.

No. 25, Vol. 5, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, October 28, 1845.

Old Series. No. 35, Vol. 14.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. CURRIE,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH SPEED AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

From the Rever.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

BY ARTHUR MORRILL.

There is in every country town
A school house and a church;
There are two men of great renown—
The parson with his awful frown,
And he who wields the birch.

O Book! how thou hast made me roar,
Such had no in office of lore
Were with but memories dim;
As my poor book in day of yore,
By many a thrashing rendered sore,
Could honestly attest.

Behold King Ferris! what a look,
That makes the clowns to stammer,
Who see in him the living book,
With learning crammed in every nook,
From A B C to grammar.

Behold him seated on his throne,
A high old fashioned stool;
And hear him, as with dreadful tone
He bawls—John Smith leave Joe alone!
And silence in the school!

"Tom Batten! what are you about?"
"I ain't doing nuthin' now!"
"I say, nether, may I go out?"
"What for, you good-for-nothing lout?"
"Beccus I've told my trousers."

"Jim Brown! quit tickling off your slate,
You ain't little head!"
"B-B-B-B-B, tell me where's the State
of Maine?" "I rather hallylate
It's away down east."

"Deo-han! master that be Bill Smoaks
Just hit me with his fist!"
"Well darn him! he stole my fish hooks!"
"Come, stop your noise! put up your books!"
"Attention! school's dismissed."

School is dismissed! Now, come in hand,
He homeward takes his way;
His shadow plies is now more bland,
With less awe by the nucleus scann'd,
Who now are hard at play.

Mark what respect to him is paid
By all who chance to meet him;
By minister and by nation, stand
By every young and bucking maid—
By all who dare to greet him.

The farmer's man turns out his team—
Rare polish in a yoke;
The very goose and gander seem
By his own kind approach to deem
Has something more than common.

POPULAR FABLES.

From the Lady's Navi and Magazine.

THE YOUNG REBEL.

A TALE OF THE CAROLINAS.

BY J. M. SANDERS.

In a small farm-house, towards the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife, and only son. The face of the father appeared troubled; at times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and wistfully at his son, a fine manly youth of twenty. At length he said,

"David, this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of the country now! Congress needs every arm that is capable—ah! me! I wish this old world I got in the French war had not lamed me—but for it, I should be now shouldering my musket and marching to defend my country!"

Both the son and wife looked up at these words. "The old lady ceased knitting and gazed inquiringly at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, that patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after encountering his father's eyes for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkened, and he said warmly,

"David, David, why do you linger about the village when your country needs your services so much?—why, my son, I am ashamed of you. Twice before this have I spoken to you upon this subject, but you appear to have no spirit!—What! will you see us trampled upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still be here, calmly? For shame, David, for shame! I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army!"

"Joshua, Joshua," interposed the old mother, "David is but a youth; then do not speak to him so harshly. He cannot yet feel what you feel, who have fought so often against our country's enemies—Joshua he is but a boy."

"A boy indeed, Deborah! such boys as David have already gained imperishable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them!—why, were it not for the boys of this land where would be our army, which I dare say is one quarter composed of boys of David's age?"

The old man was excited, and it was the first unkind word that he had ever used to his boy. David arose and left the house. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do?" he at last muttered—"here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what? why to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her musical voice; but now I will be myself again!—what did he call me? was it not coward? Now, by heavens, I will learn him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away, then, with love, for I feel that I am called upon to act, no longer dream! Ere a fortnight my father shall hear of me or else I lose my life in striving for it." And with this resolution he turned about and retraced his steps.

When he reached home he sought the stable, saddled his horse and mounting him, struck into a gallop, which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up at the windows of a farm-house, half hid between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Bunker, the mistress of his heart; the lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure.

She was alone when he entered, and a few words acquainted her with his determination. She burst into tears.

"Nay! Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a farewell, for I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in this struggle. But I could not be so cruel, as to desert you without a word."

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl, with an effort to smile. "I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the anxieties I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you too encounter their danger. But since this dreadful defeat at Camden I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go then, dearest, and God be with you. My prayers shall attend you night and day."

David pressed the now weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates, who promised to follow him as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm-house to which he proceeded boldly in pursuit of a lodging. At first the occupant received him coldly, but a chance expression convincing David that his host was a Tory, he affected the same political creed, and was immediately warmly welcomed. The royalist produced his cigar after supper, and insisted that David should join him in his potations; this the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely, while the farmer overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank without stint and became more and more communicative. To his horror David soon learned that a party of loyalists led by Major Wilson, celebrated for his torments and ruthlessness, were to start early the ensuing day on an expedition to seize and hang the two Bunkers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalist leaders. David knew enough of this partizan warfare to be assured that no mercy would be shown his friends; he also knew enough of the character of the major to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so distant an expedition, when there were others as inviting nearer home. He accordingly set himself to discover from his half inebriated companion the truth. Nor was it long before success crowned his adroit cross-examination.

"Why, you see," said the host, "I believe there's a little revenge for a slight received from these fellow's sister, mixed up with the major's desire to catch the Bunkers. The girl is very pretty they say, and the major, when she was down here on a visit last year—before the war—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Ever since, he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend on it he will have her on his own terms now—thank Heaven! there's no law any longer to prevent an honest loyalist from doing as he pleases to

those rascally rebels. But yonder is the major now," suddenly said our host, starting up, "I will introduce you to him at once—a merry fellow you will find him. Lord love you he's as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, saw the necessity of dissembling in order to learn further of the Tory's plans and find means if possible, to circumvent them. He arose, therefore and shook the major's hand warmly; pledged him immediately in a trimmer; and so contrived to make the royalists believe that he was anxious to join a troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the major to be unusually civil, for he wished to secure so athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain had been concluded between the two. David refused, however, to sign the agreement that night, he pretended that several others of his friends were dissatisfied and desirous of joining the royalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempted bait took; the major promised him a command in his troop, in case of success, and David signified his intention of setting forth after he had taken a few hours rest, in order to lose no time in gathering together his recruits.

The dread of discovery had been constantly before our hero during the management of this negotiation, for his person was well known to many of the major's troop, and if any of them had come up, his feigned name would not have protected him from detection. He wished to get off that night, as he had proposed; but to this neither his host nor the major would hear and he was forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear, on rising, that the major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Bunkers, with his troops. Dissembling his anxiety, David partook of a hasty breakfast, and mounting his horse, rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he struck into a fierce gallop, which he continued till he came in sight of a cross-road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped, and learning that the royalists had taken the high road, he turned aside into a narrow and more circuitous one.

"It is my only chance to avoid them," he said again dashing into a gallop. "Pray God I may reach the settlement in time to collect a few of our lads and march to the Bunkers. There is no other hope now left."

Night had fallen, as they expected, before the Tories were able to reach the vicinity of the house they were in search of. At length, however, after a silent march through the woods, it broke upon their view. A light was burning in one of the windows, and when they arrived close to the premises, the lively notes of a violin reached their ears, proving that the brothers were not aware of their presence, but were enjoying themselves in imagined security.

"Now men," whispered the leader of the Tories, "when I give the word fire a volley at the house by way of introducing ourselves; we will then surround the place and enter it."

At that instant the deep cry of a dog rang in their ears, and a large mastiff sprang from under the house and rushed at the Tories.

"Fire!" he cried. Twenty guns broke upon the stillness of the night—the dog fell dead—every pane of glass in the windows was shattered, and the Tories yelled like savages. In an instant the lights in the house were extinguished—the violin was quickly ceased, and a noise was heard at the door. The Tories immediately made a rush at it. But it was already barred, and being made of stout oak plank resisted all their efforts. A rifle creaked from one of the upper windows, and one of the Tories fell desperately wounded. Another report succeeded and another Tory fell. Major Wilson was now fully aware that both Bunkers were at home, and wide awake. A shed turned the rain from the front of the house, and underneath this the Tories shielding themselves from the fire of the Bunkers, went to work at the door. Suspecting such resistance—perhaps from his knowledge of their character—one of the men had braved an axe, with which he commenced hewing at the door, and soon cut it in pieces. Here a desperate battle ensued. The brothers were powerful men, and as courageous as they were strong. And now with clubbed rifle they disputed the entrance of the whole Tory force. The door being small, they stood their ground for half an hour, selling, during that time, some of those who had the temerity to enter first, but finally, number overcame them, and they were flung upon the floor and bound. The Tories, influenced by the news at the great resistance which had been made, and at their own losses, now seized the major's sword, and made preparations to hang the

two brothers before their eyes. The ropes were already tied round the necks of the victims when the major addressed his men:

"Now, friends, as soon as these villains are dead, we will set fire to the house—the old woman there," he said with a brutal laugh, "may be left inside—but the young one I reserve for myself."

"Hist!" cried one of the men, in a loud voice. The major ceased, and they heard a voice outside the house. Although the words were spoken low, the listeners distinctly heard, "when I say fire, give it to them!"

A man with blanched cheek now rushed among them, exclaiming—

"The yard is full of men!"

"Fire!" cried a deep voice from the yard—a general volley succeeded, and so well had the aim been directed in the door that several of the Tories fell, either dead or desperately wounded. In turn the Tories retreated up the stairs, when David, our hero, rushed into the room which they had just left, and cut the ropes that bound the Bunkers and their mother and sister.

"May God Almighty bless you for this," cried one of the Bunkers.

The two men sprang up, seized their rifles, which had been left in the room, and prepared to retaliate the treatment which they had just received.

Long and desperate was the battle. The Tories fought for life; the Whigs for revenge. But at length the latter triumphed, though not until their enemies had been almost exterminated. The major fell by the arm of our hero, who had sought him out in the hottest of the fight, and engaged him single handed.

No language of ours can express the emotions of David as he pressed his betrothed bride to his bosom; and his heart went up in thankfulness to Heaven for his timely arrival, when he thought that a delay of half an hour would have consigned her to a fate worse than death. The gratitude of her brothers was expressed in many words but facts were silent and tearful, yet how much more gratifying.

"I almost called you a coward, son David," said his father to him, when they met, "but you are a chip of the old block, and I did you wrong. Deborah, he is a boy to be proud of—is he not? You may founder one of my horses every day that you do such a deed—it beats anything I ever saw in the old French war."

David's gallantry in this act drew around him in a few weeks, more than a score of hardy young followers, who fought with him to the end of the war, when he returned, and was happily married to the heroine of our story.

AN INDIAN HEG. At the great Indian council held a short time since, the ceremony of embracing was indulged in to some extent between members of different tribes. A writer gives the following account of a scene between one of the Ojibwas and one of the Chippewas. One of the Ojibwas, who is a doctor, and is said to be invulnerable to all poisonous animals or insects, had besides the usual ornamental emblems and paintings, &c. painted in his hair a long comb about one foot long, fastened by the middle of its body, leaving the extremities to move at will. This man's head was the cynosure of the crowd, who gazed with curious eyes at the comb, in plays first about the man's forehead and then his neck, to the entire indifference of the Ojibwa doctor. At length the ceremony of "hogging" commenced, but the Ojibwa was much taller than most of his embracers, so that the comb did not interfere with the ceremony until the doctor encountered a "tall son of York," a stalwart Chippewa Chief. As their heads came in contact, Mr. Snake presented the graceful bow of his neck, to the astonishment and utter confusion of his embracer, who drew back, exclaiming "ho!" and his hair, for a moment put an end to the time-honored custom of his race.

BEA BEA. In the island of Cuba there are kept with great success. They are not enervated by the warmth and premeditated fruitfulness of the climate, but work on accumulating stores, though there is to be no winter in which they will be wanted. Many of the Cubans have hundreds of swarms. All the owners do is to furnish hives, which only require them to cut a large hollow tree into pieces three feet long, and laying them down upon a shelf, to fasten a stick through the center, upon which the bees begin to build. The bees swarm frequently, and all are so well trained to thorough industry, and their industry is so constantly rewarded along the frequent bees and up both ends, and no for another, so that the planter has only to take away the rich load.

stores from the deserted dwellings; for as there is no winter the bees are always laying up and never consuming. [Jour. of Commerce.]

The cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii introduced us to the social system of the ancient world. They were destroyed nine years after the destruction of Jerusalem, ten years after the martyrdom of Peter and Paul, and several years before the decease of the Apostle John. The objects exhumed may be regarded as a society contemporary with the life of our Lord.

Long before the eruption, Vesuvius had been quiescent. Virgil mentions it not, though he speaks of Etna. It was an age of peculiar divine judgement. The Holy City had just been sacked—a devouring fire, raging for three days, had broken out and spread terror in Rome—a plague swept off multitudes—the disciples of Christ imagined they beheld the fearful signs predicted of the end of the world—that the day of vengeance had come, and that God was making display of his retributive justice.

Amid terrible commotions and calamities and mortal pestilence, the words of Isaiah were fulfilled, that the nations should tremble at his presence.

DIPLOMING IN NEW YORK.—The Daily Globe relates the latest case, as follows: The victim was a high Varmounter, in his Kentucky jeans, his white hat and all his native greenness—he was complaining of New York expenses, and vowing "to return him." Finding he had been better, we accompanied him to a magistrate's office, where he told his story as follows:—"Well, mister, ye see I cum to York on the boat—it cum early in the mornin'—well, I went ashore to see the town, and just as I had left the boat a genteel kind of a chap cum up, and told me I had to buy my admission fee to him for comin' into the city—the fellers all cum up and said it was all right; well, I paid them one dollar for comin' into the city—they told me I must pay seventy-five cents for comin' through the big gate. Well, I paid that, and then they wanted more, and I asked 'em if they thought I was a damned fool!"

INDIAN AND YANKEE. The water at Mackinaw is very clear and very cold—so cold as to be almost unendurable. A gentleman lately amused himself by throwing a small gold coin in 20 feet water, and giving it to any Indian who would bring it up. Down they plunged after descending ten or twelve feet they came up so chilled that after several ineffectual attempts, they gave it up. A yankee standing by observed that, "if he would give it to him for getting it, he'd swing it up quicker than lightning," to which he consented; when Jonathan, instead of plunging in as was expected, quietly took up a setting pole and dipping the end in a tar barrel, reached it down to the coin and brought it up, and slipping it in his pocket, walked off, to the amazement of the Indian divers, and the no small chagrin of the doctor.

A PARTY OF OJIBWA.—A debating society in a town "down East" one evening undertook to discuss the question, "whether intemperance or slavery is productive of the most evil in the United States?" A worthy deacon, contending against the former, proposed to show its effects on its victims "in eternity." "Stop, stop," cried the chairman, "that's out of the United States!"

THE RYAN CRAM PENTERS.—"I say, Jim, what's the matter with your legs?" He looks as if he was lame in four of his legs, he lifts them all at once.

"You had better look to your own cripple of a frame, Joe, or the crows will steal it, harness and all, and leave you to hunt your claws yourself."

"You don't say so, do ye?" Now look here, Jim, I'd advise you to sell out, and take the money you get and put some more to it, and I say another. You can get a pretty good horse now for a dollar!"

We are told that when Luther was busy on his version of the Psalm, the devil came to trouble him, but the reformer flung his inkstand at him, and the fiend flew away. Nevertheless, the devil that gets bespattered with ink, is a man and good citizen.

"Can you tell me, my son, what a Jew is?" "A Jew of Inquest am a man who sits down on a dead man to see whether he are dead for certain, or only for a moment."

When you hear any one making a mistake about himself, his merits and good qualities, remember the poorest wheel of a wagon always creeks this load.

HOW HE WON HER.

We hope the moral of the following sketch will be productive of much good. Young men who are ambitious of success in the matrimonial line, should study well the grand secret. Our friend, who furnished the sketch says he sees no reason why it should not be true. A young lady of eccentric character, but of rare mental endowments and extraordinary personal attractions, had five suitors equally assiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide upon which she would bestow her hand, she gave them notice to call upon her at a certain hour on a stated day and each state his claims in the presence of the others. At the appointed time the lovers arrived. Four of them were confident of success, but the fifth had a downcast look, and sighed when he gazed upon the object of his devotion.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you have honored me with proposals of marriage. I have, as yet, neither refused nor accepted any one of you. I now desire that each of you will state your claims to my hand, in order that I may know upon what ground I may be justified in bestowing it."

A answered as follows—"If you marry me you shall live in a splendid house, have servants and carriages at your command, and enjoy all the luxuries of fashionable life. I am rich."

B spoke next—"My rival had said very truly that he is rich and offers you a strong inducement; but I am of noble descent. My grandfather was a duke, and although not wealthy, I am of family with whom an alliance would be considered an honor by the wealthiest heiress in the land."

C stated his claims thus—"I am a politician and have now a reputation that older persons have envied. Next year I shall run for Congress, and I have no doubt of success. By marrying me your name will be handed down to posterity."

D twisted his mustache with the air of an exquisite, and said—"Angelic creature!—upon my soul I think you have already made up your mind in my favor. You know how I'm admired. Who is the most fashionable dresser in town? Who rides the finest horses? Who frequents the most fashionable places? Who is a better judge of the Opera? Rumor says D, but, upon honor, I'm too modest to insist upon it."

When it came to E's time to speak there was a pause. All eyes turned towards him. Poor fellow, he was dreadfully embarrassed.

"Well," said the beauty, "what say you, Mr. E?"

"Alas!" was the reply, "I yield to these gentlemen. They have the advantage of me in every respect." And he took up his hat to leave.

"Stop," said the lady, "make your statement, no matter how humble may be your claims."

"I am poor."

"Go on."

"I am not of noble family."

"Go on, sir."

"I am unknown to the world."

"No matter—proceed."

"I have neither the taste nor the means to dress fashionably. I work for my livelihood. It is hardly possible that I can make you happy for I can offer you none of the inducements held out by my rivals."

"I am to judge of that, sir, what next?"

"Nothing, only I love you, and take a newspaper."

At this, Messrs. A, B, C and D burst out into a loud laugh and exclaimed in one voice—"So do we!—I love you to distraction—I take four papers! ha! ha! ha!"

"Silence," said the lady, "in one month you shall have my answer. You may all withdraw."

At the end of the month the five suitors again appeared. Turning to each in succession the lady said:

"Riches are not productive of happiness."

"Boasted nobility of blood is the poorest of all recommendations. Fame is fleeting, and he that has the outward garb of a gentleman is to be pitied. I have taken the trouble to find out the names of the newspapers to which you all subscribe, and I have ascertained that none of you, who have boasted of wealth, nobility, fame or fashion, have paid the printer! Now gentlemen, this is dishonest. I cannot think of marrying a man who would be guilty of a dishonest act. I have learned that Mr. E. not only subscribes for a paper, but pays the printer. Therefore, I say he is the man. I give him my hand with the full conviction that he is one who is every way calculated to make me happy."

Need we extend our narrative? The disappointed gentlemen disappeared quite suddenly; and the lucky suitor was united to the object of his devotion; and in a few years, by his honesty and industry, became not only a distinguished, but a wealthy man, and was esteemed by all who knew him. Young men, he paid the printer! Is there a moral in this?

"Charles, said a father to his son, while they were working in a saw mill, what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with the first cut."

"But," said Charles, "the first cut is always a bad one, do you know that?"

"Help me turn this log, Charles—quick!"

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, when, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which was covered by a Yankee joker near by, who bawled out, "I say my friend, don't make that cut in your countenance any larger, for God's sake, for the rest of us will starve to death!"

A REAL YANKEE.

In looking over a Louisville paper yesterday, we observed that Mr. Robert Grant has laid before the council of that city a plan for a floating water wheel which is to be of great benefit to manufacturing establishments. This Grant is a native of Ellsworth, Maine, and first appeared before the public in the shape of a newspaper printer in his native town. We next heard of him as a correspondent of a journal in this city,—next as an inventor of sundry mill saws, circular and straight which he put in operation at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., next as the inventor of an anti-friction wheel at Washington, and afterwards as pyrotechnist at Hoboken. Not long afterwards he invented an electro-magnetic which was exhibited at Baltimore. In this he was unsuccessful, and we next heard of him as a pressman, in a Philadelphia printing office. This employment did not suit his taste, and he made some improvements in rail cars. He explained the project to the directors of the Western railroad, but they did not think favorably of it and it was up. For two or three years we heard nothing of him, until one day last autumn, we took up a New Orleans paper in which he advertised to blow up a steamboat by some electric attachment. We saw afterwards, however, that the boat didn't blow up, but the newspapers blew up the blower and he left. Maysville (Ky) Eagle.

HEADING CABBAGES IN WINTER. In the fall of the year when it is time to gather cabbages, we always find more or less of them that have not formed any heads. They may have grown well and have a large stock of leaves, but have not closed up in the form necessary to make good, solid, compact cabbages.

A farmer friend of ours, has practiced for many years the following method, which effectually closes the loose leaves in the course of the winter, thereby furnishing him with a supply of the best kind early in the spring. In the fall of the year, just before the ground closes up, he gathers all the cabbages which have not headed, together. He then digs a trench eighteen inches or more deep, and of sufficient width to admit the cabbages. He then closes the leaves together by hand, winding a wisp of straw or something else around them to keep them together, and then puts them into this trench with the heads down and roots up. He then packs straw or leaves, and earth snug about them, and rounds up the earth over them. The trench should be dug in a place where the water of the rains and the snows run off and will not stand about them. A board, or a couple of boards nailed together in the form of a roof and put over the mound may be useful.

In the spring of the year open your trench and you will find that your cabbages are all headed firmly together, and if the water has not got in, will be solid and hard. We once tried a few heads formed in this way, which were very nice. By following this plan, we not only preserve the cabbages well during the winter, but save much of the crop which is considered worthless but a trifle. Maine Cultivator.

A HEATHEN TEMPLE.—Rev. Eugenia Kincaid, for many years a missionary in the Borneo Empire, has recently returned to this country, and is now lecturing on the condition of the Heathen to crowded audiences. In one of the recent discourses delivered in Brooklyn, as reported by the Daily Advertiser, he described a heathen Temple which he has never seen paralleled. It stands in the city of Arva, or the golden city which for 600 years has been the capital of the Burmese Empire. The foundations of this temple are solid masonry composed of bricks of the best materials. It is 2000 feet square, the walls being 8 feet thick. 70 feet high. On the top of the walls rest two rows of pillars. At each corner of the wall rises a beautiful spire. On the top of each spire is placed a huge bar of iron, surmounting which is an iron net work 10 feet in diameter, in the shape of a spread umbrella. On the bottom edge of this are suspended bells of every size and tone.

STEEL BELLS.—An improvement, it is said, has been made in the manufacture of church bells which may be of advantage to those who desire to purchase. Steel is substituted for bellmetal, and renders the expense, so that a bell of equal tone may be purchased at about one-twentieth of the cost of one of the common metal. Rev. Wm. Croxson states that he has at present suspended in the tower of his church one containing 43 pounds of steel, which was tested in the tower of one of the churches in Sheffield a few weeks ago with a bell of twenty-two hundred weight, and I understand the comparison was very close the steel being considered to be about one-twentieth of the power and tone of the old bell; which indeed I can easily believe, for the tone is magnificent for such an instrument.

A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last. By no means, replied the sculptor, I have collected this part, and polished that; I have collected this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip and more energy to this limb. Well, well, said his friend, but all these are trifles. It may be so, replied Angelo, but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifles."

A contemporary says there are three kinds of poor, the Lord's poor, the devil's poor and the poor devil. As a general thing the Lord takes care of his poor, and the devil takes care of his, but the poor devils have to look out for themselves.

DISSOLUTION OF THE WHIG PARTY.

An intelligent correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Washington, who furnishes that paper with the political intelligence to be gathered in that political focus, writes to that paper as follows. It will be seen that he anticipates the dissolution of the present whig or federal party, as old ideas and measures having become obsolete; and the only two remaining ideas antagonistic to the democratic party and policy, which it now ventures to uphold, (anti Texas and a high tariff,) being neither agreeable to public sentiment, nor public interest:

"Thousands of young and rising men have been sacrificed, politically, to the Clay cause, and are now ready to revolt from further adherence to it. Many of those who voted for Mr. Clay, at the late election, did it from devotion to their party. They preferred the whig men, but approved of the democratic measures. They were for Texas and for Oregon, and were opposed to a bank, to distribution, and even an unreasonably protective tariff. These men now assume to act for themselves. Mained and scared in the late contest, they will at least, choose a leader, in the next election, who will represent their principles. Between them and the democratic party there is a little or no difference on any point involving principle, and they would coalesce with those of that party merely for the honors and rewards of party, but for such a course of policy as will give free and full scope to our democratic institutions."

"Considering the old whig ideas as obsolete, I will confine my comments entirely to the latest manifesto of their present policy, as ably put forth by the Massachusetts convention. What is their system? What their ground-work? They suggest but two points of opposition to the democratic party Texas and the tariff. How unsubstantial and fleeting is this basis for such a party! They had better oppose Neal's fraud than the annexation of Texas. How long will it be before they can learn that the passion, the desire of this race is to lay the foundation of empires—to expand and occupy, not to embellish? They leave the after generations the work of improvement and embellishment. Their own statesmen might have furnished the Massachusetts convention with a lesson on this subject."

"Even Fisher Ames, with all his despondency and creaking as to the fate of our institutions, predicted that this empire was to extend from ocean to ocean." John Quincy Adams contended, correctly, for the Rio Grande del Norte as a boundary, and also for the Oregon. Mr. Webster made advances for the acquisition of California. It is too late in the day for any American statesman to calculate to curtail our territorial limits. To go far back, I may allude to the earnest desire of our Revolutionary fathers to acquire and annex the Canadas. Charles Carroll was sent as a confidential agent of Congress, in 1778, to Canada, to use his influence in bringing all the British provinces in to revolutionary movements; which was the reason why his name was not signed to the declaration for some time after the 4th of July."

"It is idle to oppose the instincts of this race. They will acquire and annex the whole country between us and the Pacific."

"Passing over the Texas question, then, as unavailable for any political purpose, especially after the sad warning of the late presidential campaign, let us look to the next great point at issue—the tariff of 1842."

"In the first place, I will remark that it is in very bad taste to raise an outcry in favor of that system in interested quarters. Any view on the subject from those who are personally and deeply interested, must be received with distrust. But grant all they say. Still the fact is, that the tariff question is to be settled by the coming Congress, and by the democratic party. How they may settle it is immaterial to the whigs as a party. They may reduce it, modify it, or let it alone; but still it will be settled, and there will no longer be left to the Massachusetts convention a single doubtful or open question upon which they can make an issue."

TRAVELLING ABROAD.

The mania for foreign excursions is rapidly spreading. As the modes of crossing the Atlantic become more expeditious and economical, the number of foreign travellers will continue to increase. We apprehend, however, that other motives than a desire to see distant lands and to profit by foreign sights operate in inducing people to cross the ocean and make the tour of the old world. We can hardly resist the belief that many people cherish the foolish idea that a trip to Europe will do very much to enlarge their intellects, or at any rate, to give them importance in the world. The Physician who has been to London and Paris and walked through some of the large hospitals of those large cities, albeit he is very ignorant before he leaves home, and knows no more than a well educated doctor, is sure to be looked upon with a sort of veneration, and to be called upon in all difficult cases where a "consultation" is deemed necessary.

The lawyer who is simply a pettifogger to-day and a third rate pettifogger to-morrow, and who has been to Liverpool, travels across England in a rail car, goes into one of the Parliament buildings and perhaps is tickled out of another, and the next week he returns home a profound pleader, counsellor and joint, overreaching advocate with the laws of equity and jurisprudence.

So, too, the divine, no matter how small his talent, or how limited his ability to command respect, if he can raise money enough to pay his passage, or some wealthy parishioner will allow him a passage gratis in one of his fine state rooms, so that he can step forth upon the stage of the

mother country, is sure to come back a man of vast erudition, of deep biblical research and of profound acquaintance with all the manners and customs referred to in the old and new testaments. Especially is this the case if the traveller extends his journey to the 'holy land' and plants his feet upon Mt. Carmel and bathes his temples with the transparent waters of the Jordan. Who would ever dare question the correctness of such a man's interpretation, so long as he can say 'I have trod the wine-press, and visited the church of the nativity?' Who question such a man's knowledge of ancient geographical history, so long as he can say, 'I have seen a heap of stones where ancient Babylon is supposed to have stood and myself passed one of the supposed 'fords' of the Jordan?'

Now we do not object to travelling, or to picking up knowledge by the way side but we do look with contempt upon that foolish veneration with which most every man is looked upon who has spent a few months of gliding over the eastern continent. And we can but smile when we see the advantage taken of this disposition on the part of the people, by those as destitute of natural talent as the very stones they met with in their journeys and which they frequently described with so much minuteness.

We like to see people appreciated for what they are, not for the journeys they have performed or opportunities they have enjoyed. Because a man has seen a physician prescribe for a dangerous disease in London, or a surgeon amputate a limb in Paris, it by no means follows that he is qualified to use the knife and open the pill box. Because he has visited the birth or burial place of Esculapian, it by no means follows that he is fitted to watch over the issue of life and death. Neither does it follow, because a man has read the epitaph on the tomb-stones of Mansfield, Pitt and Blackstone, that he is fitted to preside over a country's litigation. Equally certain is it that snuffing the sulphurous atmosphere of the Dead Sea, and tossing on the waves of Tiberus do not, of themselves, give brains or theological knowledge to the divine, or prepare him to expound, with immaculate precision, the mysteries of the holy writ.

People will yet learn that something besides locomotion is necessary to make a truly great man—that brains are not the product of travelling, simply. [Maine Quirner.

GOVERNMENT.

The grand purpose of all governments should be the elevation and happiness of man. This government was made for man—for his good, his advancement, his protection and his employment, is a fact which has too often been overlooked—a fact as true as the saying of one of our sages, 'The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath.' We say the obvious fact here alluded to has been too often lost sight of, and governments have been instituted and upheld upon the false idea that man is inferior to the state, instead of being superior to it. Throughout all past time the prevailing opinion has been that the state—government—is a sort of divine establishment, and that to this establishment all interests should bend—all interests, if needs be, should be sacrificed. To uphold the state victims without number have bled—aye, to sustain the government, some, we doubt not, believe every subject of such government may be rightfully put to death—provided executioners of the bloody work can be found.

But Democracy knows no such sacrifice of man to the State—no such exaltation of the state above man. Democracy teaches that government is for man's good—that laws are for the good of the governed, and that when laws, government, or State, cease to be instruments for the promotion of human happiness, at least when they subject such happiness, they are no better than a nuisance, and should themselves be subverted. Democracy places man first—the state afterwards. It regards man as the highest importance, and esteems the state only for its power to bless the subject. Instead of heaving man down to a state pattern, it would expand and elevate the pattern to make it correspond to man in his advanced and elevated state. Instead of reducing his proportions by adaptation, or increase them by brute strength to make him conform to the dimensions of an iron bedstead, of an unimpaired government, democracy, ever growing, ever improving, and ever pressing onward and upward, would relax the iron rigors of despotism and allow all the freedom of body and of spirit compatible with the interests of the whole mass. We love democracy because it fears not to touch any and every thing connected with man's duty or his interests. We love it because it knows no veneration for the mere colic of antiquity, but with fearless spirit, take the great boom of reform and makes clean work in the public household.

Give us that spirit which rests not on the past or present, but boldly presses forward towards the future. Give us that spirit which spares not a thing simply because it has been, but which endeavours to mould all things—all the circumstances of life into a means of human progress. Such a spirit will sacrifice any and every political scheme rather than it should be a hindrance in man's way. Such a spirit will not reverence any government or form of government which has no respect for its subjects. Such a spirit, in time, will ever regard man as the master—the State as the servant. [Maine Quirner.

THE SEASON FOR TRANSPLANTING TREES. For many reasons, Autumn is best calculated for the transplanting of trees. In the first place, it is a season of more leisure than Spring, and the ground is in a better condition both for taking up and setting out trees. Secondly, the operation of the frost, and the accumulation of the water by the melting of snow tends to work the snow in among the roots. It is acknowledged that trees set out in the fall get better rooted, and are consequently better prepared to withstand drought, than those which are set out in the spring. There is little more danger of their winter killing than if they remained in their natural position. We tried the experiment last year with entire success, and though we set out peach trees of thirty growth, as late as the middle of November, they lived and through the past unusually dry summer, they have flourished finely.

Some culture fruit trees are as easily and cheaply procured, and beautiful forest trees can be had for taking them up it is astonishing to us that so little attention is paid to their cultivation, both for ornament and use. A small spot of ground will suffice for rearing a fine tree, or a beautiful grape vine which will a thousand times repay the labor of cultivating them. A farm in the country without a good orchard, and a house unshaded by ornamental trees and shrubbery, betokens a sluggish and tasteless owner. If the time that is spent in hanging round the resorts of loafers, were devoted to the useful purposes of planting trees, the roadside every where would present a luxuriant and beautiful appearance. [Olive Branch.

Every farmer who has access to much, should make it a standing rule to get out, annually, and prepare as much as his means will possibly admit. On some farms, the increased productiveness which would ensue from such a system of things, would be surprisingly great. Not long since, we visited in the interior of Cumberland County, a deposit of this substance which, were it located in some sections of the State we could indicate would be to the farmers in its vicinity, a source of almost inappreciable wealth. Its location is along the banks of a rivulet which some thirty years since, formed the channel of a tremendous torrent, or outbreak, occasioned by the disruption of the embankment of an extensive lake. In the eddies of this stream, the muck, which is almost purely of vegetable origin is generally from six to ten feet deep. Its color, when first taken from the bed, is a light cream but on exposure to atmospheric action, it almost immediately assumes a blackish hue, deepening in time to a perfect jet. The farmers in the immediate vicinity are in the habit of getting out small quantities of it every year though, until recently, it appears not to have been appreciated so highly as it deserves. At present, however, the demand is said to be increasing, and many in order to procure a supply, are compelled to pay a certain sum per load, and we have no doubt that in process of time, it will become a source of wealth and happy industry, not only to its rightful and legal owner, but to those around. [Argus.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, OCTOBER 28, 1845.

DEMOCRATIC DOINGS.

The efforts, says the "Washington Union," now in progress in several States of the Union to amend their respective State constitutions, are a pregnant sign of the times. They show that the principles of the democratic party in the country are daily strengthening their grasp on the public mind. In the great State of New York, this Constitutional Reform movement has taken the most definite shape, and is rapidly approaching a successful consummation. It is not in form, perhaps, strictly a party movement; but a single glance at the leading objects of the reformers, is enough to ascertain the party principles with which those purposes are in sympathy, and out of which they spring.

In New York, the party of constitutional reform propose to limit the official patronage of the State government—to restrict the power of the legislature to pledge the credit of the State—to reform the present Judiciary system, and to abolish the present unjust and oppressive privileges of moneyed corporations. These are the main practical objects of the movement; and no long examination of debates, or careful scrutiny of the votes in the legislature, is needed to indicate to us the party in which such an effort took its rise, and by which it will be sustained. Its democratic character and lineage are written on its forehead.

It may well be said that the whigs of New York will make a show of co-operation in the measure. The whig party is the party of expedients. It may, for a time, affect a zeal for constitutional reform, as one of the expedients which it knows as well how to adopt. It may, too, urge the call of a Constitutional Convention, in the hope of appealing successfully to the sympathies of the anti-reformers, or of the abolitionists, in some sections of the State, and so gaining a temporary predominance in the State government. That such expectations are entertained, the course of some of the whig journals makes manifest, even to the eye of a distant observer. But we believe that, in all such anticipations, the whigs are doomed to sure and signal disappointment. The democracy of New York watches with a jealous eye over the success of its favorite measure. It is too deeply pledged to its ancient democratic faith, and too deeply imbued with its ancient democratic feeling, to be found remiss, or slothful, or negligent, when its highest interests and brightest hopes are thus put in jeopardy. It knows full well—none better than it, the democracy of the "Empire State"—that the whig party is at heart the party of conservatism—not the conservation of great principles, for which the democratic party will fight to the death—not a conservatism of all that is good in theory, and found valuable in practice,—but of that selfish and blind and fear-shaken conservatism, which hugs every old abuse, and shuts the door on every just reform. Knowing this, the democrats of New York will not be caught napping. This great measure of constitutional reform is their measure, because it is truly the measure of the people; and while they fight out its battle manfully against the attacks of open foes, they will, with equal zeal and assiduity, shield it from the struggling onsets of pretended friends.

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